

# The Herald and News.

VOLUME LII, NUMBER 42.

NEWBERRY, S. C., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1914.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR.

## TOURS OF CAMPAIGN PARTIES LAID OUT

ITINERARIE FOR TWO GROUPS OF CANDIDATES ARRANGED.

State Candidates Speak First in Sumter, Senatorial in St. Matthews. Opens July 17.

The State, 28th. Itineraries for the State and senatorial campaigns were announced yesterday by Willie Jones, chairman of the subcommittee of the State Democratic executive committee. The State campaign will open at Sumter June 17 and the senatorial candidates will begin the contest at St. Matthews on the same date. The senatorial campaign will end at Sumter August 20. The last meeting of the State campaign will be held at Greenville August 20. The candidates for State offices will speak in Columbia July 4, and it is probable that the meeting will be held in the Columbia theatre.

Following is the itinerary for the State campaign:

Sumter—Wednesday, June 17.  
Manning—Thursday, June 18.  
Monck's Corner—Friday, June 19.  
Georgetown—Saturday, June 20.  
Kingsree—Tuesday, June 23.  
Florence—Wednesday, June 24.  
Mariou—Thursday, June 25.  
Conway—Friday, June 26.  
Dillon—Saturday, June 27.  
Darlington—Monday, June 29.  
Bishopville—Tuesday, June 30.  
Bennettsville—Wednesday, July 1.  
Chesterfield—Thursday, July 2.  
Camden—Friday, July 3.  
Columbia—Saturday, July 4.  
Lexington—Thursday, July 9.  
Saluda—Friday, July 10.  
Edgefield—Saturday, July 11.  
Aiken—Tuesday, July 14.  
Bamberg—Wednesday, July 15.  
Barnwell—Thursday, July 16.  
Hampton—Friday, July 17.  
Beaufort—Saturday, July 18.  
Ridgeland—Wednesday, July 22.  
Walterboro—Thursday, July 23.  
Charleston—Friday, July 24.  
St. George—Tuesday, July 28.  
Orangeburg—Wednesday, July 29.  
St. Matthews—Thursday, July 30.  
Windsboro—Monday, August 3.  
Chester—Tuesday, August 4.  
Lancaster—Wednesday, August 5.  
Yorkville—Thursday, August 6.  
Gaffney—Friday, August 7.  
Spartanburg—Saturday, August 8.  
Union—Tuesday, August 11.  
Newberry—Wednesday, August 12.  
Laurens—Thursday, August 13.  
Greenwood—Friday, August 14.  
Abbeville—Saturday, August 15.  
Anderson—Monday, August 17.  
Walhalla—Tuesday, August 18.  
Pickens—Wednesday, August 19.  
Greenville—Thursday, August 20.  
Following is the itinerary for the senatorial campaign:

St. Matthews—Wednesday, June 17.  
Orangeburg—Thursday, June 18.  
St. George—Friday, June 19.  
Charleston—Saturday, June 20.  
Walterboro—Monday, June 22.  
Beaufort—Tuesday, June 23.  
Ridgeland—Wednesday, June 24.  
Hampton—Thursday, June 25.  
Barnwell—Friday, June 26.  
Bamberg—Saturday, June 27.  
Windsboro—Monday, June 29.  
Chester—Tuesday, June 30.  
Lancaster—Wednesday, July 1.  
Yorkville—Thursday, July 2.  
Gaffney—Friday, July 3.  
Spartanburg—Saturday, July 4.  
Union—Wednesday, July 8.  
Newberry—Friday, July 10.  
Greenwood—Saturday, July 11.  
Abbeville—Tuesday, July 14.  
Anderson—Wednesday, July 15.  
Walhalla—Thursday, July 16.  
Pickens—Friday, July 17.  
Greenville—Saturday, July 18.  
Laurens—Wednesday, July 22.  
Columbia—Thursday, July 23.  
Lexington—Friday, July 24.  
Saluda—Saturday, July 25.  
Edgefield—Wednesday, July 29.  
Aiken—Thursday, July 30.  
Camden—Tuesday, August 4.  
Chesterfield—Wednesday, August 5.  
Florence—Friday, August 7.  
Darlington—Saturday, August 8.  
Bennettsville—Monday, August 10.  
Florence—Tuesday, August 11.  
Dillon—Wednesday, August 12.  
Marion—Thursday, August 13.  
Conway—Friday, August 14.

Kingstree—Saturday, August 15.  
Georgetown—Monday, August 17.  
Monck's Corner—Tuesday, Aug. 18.  
Manning—Wednesday, August 19.  
Sumter—Thursday, August 20.

### KNIGHTS CLOSE SESSION.

K. of P. Grand Lodge Ends Chester Meeting—H. K. Osborne is the Head.

The State.

Chester, May 27.—The second and last day's proceedings of the South Carolina grand lodge of the Knights of Pythias was brought to successful finish this evening.

Following a very late programme last night the knights were about early this morning prepared for the delightful day's outing to Great Falls. The delegates were taken in automobiles and carriages to the Seaboard Air Line railway station, where a Pythian special of many cars was waiting to transport the knights to Chester county's world famous hydro-electric plant. The train pulled out at 9 o'clock and at 1 o'clock pulled up at the beautiful little station at Great Falls, making the trip of 40 miles in four hours. There was some delay at Catawba Junction waiting for a train.

As soon as everybody was out of the train they journeyed to a shady retreat, where an appetizing dinner had been spread. The dinner was given by the Southern Power company. After dinner the knights were shown the marvelous workings of the great electric plant. They appeared to enjoy seeing how the many cities were lighted by this single plant.

After seeing the sights the knights came back to Chester.

The following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously chosen: Grand chancellor, Henry K. Osborne, Spartanburg; grand vice chancellor, Herbert E. Gyles, Aiken; grand prelate, Alva M. Lumpkin, Columbia; grand keeper of records and seal, C. D. Brown, Abbeville; grand master of exchequer, Wilson G. Harvey, Charleston; grand master of arms, J. M. Oliver, Orangeburg; grand inner guard, E. R. Cox, Darlington; grand outer guard, H. A. McCormack, Nichols, and member of the board of publication, Thomas J. Arnold, Greenville.

Grand Prelate Herbert E. Gyles, of Aiken, in his annual report said that it was his deliberate judgment, after his past year of considerable study and thought upon the Pythian situation, that a very great need of the domain is that all officials of the order should unite in endeavoring to enforce a study of the laws and principles of the order upon the entire membership because we would thereby become profoundly impressed and deeply imbued with the beauty and vital importance of those principles and carry them with us in our daily work in the world. Pythianism is of but little service to a man if he appreciates the spirit of the order only while attending some convention or while in the work of the lodge; those principles should be so thoroughly understood and appreciated as to change even good men into better men and accomplish great good among men.

Grand Vice Chancellor H. K. Osborne, of Spartanburg, in his annual report laid great stress upon the small rural lodges, at which were the greatest ground for discouragement, as said. The membership is so small and scattered, as a rule, that it is difficult to get them to attend after the "newness" wears off. This same problem, he declared, was confronted in the city lodges, and he confessed that it was difficult of solution. He pleaded for making the lodge meeting so attractive and interesting as to induce the members to attend. "Our members," he said, "are prompt in the payment of all their dues, but many will not attend the regular sessions." The reason is, he thought, that they find the homes or elsewhere more attractive than the lodge meetings. To counteract this, urged Chancellor Osborne, there must be a new inspiration among workers. They must constantly add to the membership.

C. D. Brown, of Abbeville, grand keeper of records and seal, in his annual report pleaded for the grand lodge to put a man in the field to de-

vote his entire attention toward looking after weak lodges, such as is done in Mississippi, Georgia and North Carolina. He stated that the South Carolina Pythians per capita tax is less than any other domain the size of this. He thought that the grand constitution and grand statutes should be reprinted to replace the edition issued in 1907.

One of the excellent features of last night's programme was the big ceremonial session of the D. O. K. K. There were a large number of candidates and the exercises were concluded a little after daybreak today.

The amateur play, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which was produced by the Chester people last night, made a great hit with the 500 knights who saw it.

### WARNS AGAINST ALLEGED HOG CHOLERA CURES

Government Has Not Approved Any Treatment Except the Protective Serum.

Special to The Herald and News.

Washington, D. C., May 28.—Evidence of what appears to be a well organized campaign to delude farmers throughout the country into buying an alleged cure for hog cholera under the impression that this has been investigated and approved by the United States government, has reached the department of agriculture. Articles praising this medicine, Benetol by name, are being sent out widespread to newspapers. These articles are so worded that it appears as if the department of agriculture had received reports from the State of Minnesota showing that the medicine had proved most beneficial. As a matter of fact the one report received by the department was an unofficial and unsolicited statement sent presumably from the promoters themselves. The department attaches no importance whatsoever to this statement. It has no reason to believe in the efficiency of any proprietary cure for hog cholera and does not recommend any. Under certain conditions it urges farmers to protect their stock with anti-hog cholera serum but that is all.

In connection with this attempt, it may be said that the medicine, which is now put forward as good for hogs, was advertised some time ago as a means of killing tuberculosis, typhoid, and cancer germs, according to an article published in the Journal of the American Medical association. At that time it was asserted that the army was interested in it. As a matter of fact the army was no more interested than the department of agriculture is now.

In view of the evidence that the attempt to create this false impression is persistent and widespread, all hog owners are warned to communicate with the United States authorities before accepting as true any statement that the government recommends any treatment other than the serum already mentioned.

### Textile Directory.

Washington, May 28.—An increase for the year of 10,702 looms and 619,964 spindles is shown in the 1914 edition of the textile directory giving cotton, woolen and knitting mills on the lines of the Southern railway, Southern railway in Mississippi, Mobile and Ohio railway, Georgia Southern and Florida railway and Virginia and Southeastern railway with their equipment on January 1, 1914, which has just been issued by the land and industrial department of these roads. The directory contains a list of all mills, their equipment, the power under which they are operated and kind of goods manufactured. It shows that along these lines there are 616 cotton mills, 143 knitting mills and 31 woolen mills, a grand total of 790 textile plants of the character. These mills have a total equipment of 208,744 looms and 9,369,624 spindles. Eight new mills were put in operation during 1913. These figures do not include mills under construction or improvement not ready for operation January 1.

In addition to the information about the mills, the directory contains a map of the Southern railway system and schedules of the daily cotton goods trains operated over the Southern railway in connection with other lines.

### A NO. 1 MARRIED.

Ward Greene in Atlanta Journal.

A-No-1 has made his last trip to Atlanta.

The famous hobo whose totem is smeared on half the posts and in all the saloons and poolrooms of the city, the totem of the arrow, pointed—here east, there west—has cooked his last mulligan in the yards far out Decatur street. He has jolted for the last time over the crossings on the outskirts of the city and will never again wave farewell to Atlanta from the shady side of a box-car.

The heart that for thirty years was held in leash by wanderlust has been gripped by a stronger passion. A-No-1 has been filed by his own tailman—the arrow of cupid; light of love has won the day; the world's wanderer has come to fair haven in a little Pennsylvania town.

For A-No-1 is married. The tramp who made his home from Suez to Sitka town has settled down in a six-room apartment. He whose only bed for half a life-time was a crocus-sack in a box-car, now slumbers on a feathered mattress between white sheets.

And the daughter of an Erie car inspector is plus a good husband, but the road and her restless sons are robbed of the greatest rover and the gamest heart of them all.

Herring Joe brought the news to town. One night last week a slow-freight whistled for the Simpson street crossing and Herring Joe swung off the last car, rolled down a bank and landed at the feet of a brakeman.

The brakeman tells the story.

"So ho!" I says. "Here's a gay-cat!" But the feller looks up at that and scowls and then he grins. And I knows him! See? It was that pock-marked rounder Joe, Herring Joe.

"He gets up and brushes the cinders off and I shakes hands with him and asks him where he's bound. 'Wes,' he says. 'Where it's hot. The hotter the better.'"

### Herring Joe's Story.

"He was shiverin', poor lad, so I takes him up to the cable and gives him a drink—only don't tell the inspector. He'd had 'im in Noou York it seems, where he landed off a tramp schooner from Panama, but it gets too cold for ole so he blows after a week of it and grabs a Lehigh Valley freight that rides him till he's bounced at Erie.

"I was sneakin' off for the yards," Joe tells me, "when all of a sudden somebody calls my name. I looks around, but there's no 'boes about, only a prosperous-lookin' gink in a gray suit. But he was stridin' toward me and he grabs my hand and rings it hard and asks about my girl in Altoona.

"There's nought but one man ever I told about her, an' that was A-No-1. And blow me! if it wasn't A-No-1 himself, all cluttered up in clothes and things wearin' a shave and a watch-chain.

"And he takes me off to the swell-sto' kin' apartment you ever seed and stuffs me with eats and slicks a real cigar in my mug and brings in the pleasantest-spoken dame I ever seed and says, kinder swellin' up his vest, 'This is my wife.' I thought every minute I would wake up and brush the dew off my laigs down in the yards, but no such bad luck. It was A-No-1, just as sociable as ever, but a regular guy. And he tells me how he's quit the road and settled down and married and that I'd better get back to Altoona and look up that girl and do the same.

"He said it was the only life and though he longed for the boys some time and was only too glad to welcome them, he was never gon a ride the rods again."

So that was the story Herring Joe told the brakeman while he warmed himself in a cabo so on the outskirts of Atlanta last week. Many another hobo has he told it to, and many another hobo has been helped by A-No-1 himself up there in Erie.

To fact he has given food and lodging and the advice to settle down and quit the road. But most of them, like Herring Joe, went west where it is

hot and one forges the girl back in Altoona.

### Nobody Knows His Name.

Only A-No-1 has found that there is no place like home. His wooing was as haphazard as his life, a jump in the dark and a prayer to God, but it brought him safe to his own hearthstone after a life as tempestuous and fleeting as a March wind's.

Since the day he ran away from home at the age of eleven years and became a yeggman's kid until the winner of 1911, his heart was in the distance and he travelled the world around, his only name—A-No-1. What his real name is, nobody knows, and the last person to tell you is A-No-1 himself.

Somebody asked him when he "made" Atlanta four years ago, but he only winked and whispered "sh-sh—just A-No-1."

This was the man who drifted from Chile to Alaska and back again to Nome for a third of a century, who beat his way for a half million miles, paying only \$7.61 railroad fare in all those weary days, never drinking, smoking or gambling, his one passion, the grip of far-off things that one must always chase but never run to earth.

But one cold February night three years ago, a freight train labored through a stinging sleet storm in no dark to a stop in the yards at Erie, Pa. In one of the box-cars, curled up a corner and shivering in his sleep, the car inspector found A-No-1. The tramp was perishing with cold. The car-inspector took him to his shanty and gave him a warm bed behind the stove and part of his mid-night lunch.

"You're my friends," A-No-1 told him when they said good-by. "I won't forget his."

### A Girl's Brown Eyes.

Nor did he. Last November A-No-1 again visited Erie and brought the inspector a present. The hobo was invited to call at the inspector's house, and did so. There he met the inspector's daughter, Miss Mary Abigail Trohoski, a high school graduate, twenty years old, and a finished musician.

And there a girl's brown eyes did for A-No-1 what he had been trying to do for a quarter of a century—give up the road before his body "greased the track" beneath the heavy wheels. A-No-1 turned his back on his old life. The tramp who passed up New York after a twenty-four hour visit, suddenly wanted to spend the rest of his life in Erie, Pa. The wanderer whose only burden for thirty years was a tooth brush and a pocket dictionary, slipped into a furniture store and priced a piano and a china-closet.

What must have been the wrench to this man to blind his eyes to the lure of the wastes of the world? How could he—an outlaw of convention—offer himself to this girl who read Sudermann and played Chopin and Grieg?

But the man who made a thousand dollars by winning a wager that he could beat his way from New York to San Francisco in eleven days and six hours, the man who spent half of it by building a tomb at Cambridge Springs, Pa., and inscribing on it the epitaph: "A-No-1, the Rambler at Rest at Last," who spent the other half in rescuing boys from the very life that had gripped him so unyieldingly—this man determined that he wanted this girl.

And he got her. The news of the engagement startled the good folks of Erie like an earth-shock. Old ladies gossiped scandalously about it on their front-porches, young ladies came to Miss Trohoski with tears in their eyes and begged her not to throw herself away on a tramp, a hobo, an out-cast of society.

### Not a Common Hobo.

He's not a common hobo," replied the girl with the brown eyes. "And besides I love him."

No, he isn't a common hobo and never was. He traveled with Jack London for months back in '94; he knows Thomas A. Edison so he can sign him on the back; he has letters from Luther Burbank and William H. Taft; cards from Colonel Roosevelt; he has preserved twenty railroad wrecks in as many years; saved lives and souls by picking men out of the gutter; written books that are best-sellers; speaks four languages; owns

a publishing company, membership in a chamber of commerce and a bank account.

And so they were married on January 28 of this year. A-No-1 gave his wife an automobile for a wedding present and took her on a honeymoon. They rode in the Pullman and A-No-1 never once thought of changing to the rods underneath.

He brought her home to a six-room flat containing \$2,000 worth of mahogany furniture, and a silver table set that cost the same sum and enough telegrams of congratulation from railroad officials and prominent American citizens to fill a waste basket as big as a house.

And today you can see A-No-1 sitting up in his front parlor in his Erie flat as much the genial gentleman as ever. Perhaps he is carving great Irish potatoes in grotesque shapes of horses and men and dyeing them in all the colors of the rainbow, even as he sat and carved in the old Journal building on Broad street many years ago.

He has taken to his home life with all the love and directness with which he took to the life of the road. He knows that it is something better and far more civilized than being a restless hobo for the rest of his days.

He does not have to seek handouts now and he gets more pleasure looking out of his window at the "Johnny Laws" hiking their beats than he ver did when they were hunting him through back alleys and yards heaped with scrap iron.

### At Rest at Last.

Perhaps a trial of smoke across the hills and the lone whistle of a freight train strikes to his soul at times and stirs those cravings which will cling to him as long as life lasts, but the sight of trains nowadays brings with it, too, a shiver of fear at the remembrance of the times he has grappled with suvvering iron and slung himself within inches of grinding wheels.

Once his haphazard life led him to slumber in box cars and awakenings in station houses, to dun tramping through mud and wet to a bonfire kindled in the lee of a rail fence, to the bullets of the angry owner whose wood he was burning waining over his head.

But today he creaks back in an easy chair, content to know that he will wake in the morning with his own roof over his head, content to sit there holding the hand of the girl with the brown eyes and to see what pictures of the world he wishes in the leaping flames before him and not in the sweep of country viewed from a perch on the pin-wheel of a box-car.

He is content with all of man's contentment, knowing the best of that limited happiness given to man. So long as he lives he will stick to his home and hom-folks. But nothing can take from him the memory of those days on the open road beneath the blue of the sky and the stars or midnight.

And sometimes they will pull his heart-strings with the call of little voices "out there" in the dark, for the wanderlust is a disease that nags and pulls its victims—incurable, insatiable.

A-No-1 says he has swung his last engine and will never "pull his freight" again. But the vagabond spirit within him will never cease to call until epitaph in Cambridge Springs comes true at last:

A-No-1  
The Rambler  
At Rest at Last.

### One Charge He Escapes.

Dallas News. Whatever else his enemies may say of him, they can't reasonably charge that Francisco Villa is trying for the Noble Peace Prize.

### An Illustration.

A little 9-year-old boy was laboriously looking up his spelling words in the dictionary when he came upon one whose meaning was perfectly apparent to him. He dashed off a sentence containing the word "capsize" and passed to the next. Imagine the teacher's amusement when he recited glibly, "My cap size is No. 6."